THE

WEEKLY ENTERTIANER.

For MONDAY, March 29, 1802.

Letters written during an Excurſion through France to Geneva.

[From the Monthly Magazine.]

LETTER I.

Calais, November 26, 1801.

HERE we are, my dear Friend, enjoying ourſelves over a good fire at the hotel of M. Ducrocq, after a ſhort paſſage, and to thoſe who mind not the motion of a veſſel at ſea, I dare ſay a very pleaſant one; in this number I cannot enrol myſelf. To ſpeak honeſtly,

" I didn't much like for to be a-board a ſhip,
" Where in danger there's no door to creep out,
" I lik'd the jolly tars, I lik'd bumbo and phlip,
" But I didn't like rocking about—
" No—I didn't like rocking about."

In ſhort, I ſoon became very ſick, and continued ſo till we reached ſhore, which was peculiarly welcome to us all, as the negligence of the harbour-maſter had brought us into ſome little danger. When we had come within about a league of Calais, as the harbour-flag was flying—a ſignal that there was water enough to admit us—our captain ſteered for port, and we were preſently alarmed by feeling the veſſel ſtrike againſt the ground; this ſhock was repeated ſo frequently and with ſuch violence, that we could not make the harbour, and really felt ſome apprehenſion for our perſonal ſafety, till two or three boats rowed from the ſhore, and took us in. As we landed all ſafe and ſound, however, we had no reaſon to quarrel with the harbour-maſter for his remiſſneſs: had he lowered his flag when he ought

to have done, half of us, half dead with ſickneſs, we ſhould have been toſſed about all night at ſea. And a very blowing night it was; the veſſel was in ſo much danger that the captain was obliged to unſhip all his ballaſt, and the cuſtom-houſe-officers thought proper to ſend boats and carts, and have the luggage taken out of her, not daring to leave it during the night.

After pitching for a ſhort time in the little boat that releaſed us from the veſſel, we landed, Hibernicè, on board a ſhip which lay to in the harbour, and where we were detained, on deck, crouded together in a dark night, and amidſt a pouring rain, for about half an hour, till le commiſſaire de la police, or ſome one of his executive inferiors, made his appearance, and allowed us to aſcend the ladder which firſt placed our feet on French ground. We were immediately conducted to the cuſtom-houſe, where, to our aſtoniſhment, we were uſhered into a large ſaloon, in which were about forty muſical amateurs ſtanding in a circle, each with his ſeparate inſtrument, deſk, and candle.

All huſhed when we made our appearance, and we walked to the upper end of the room, where a cuſtom-houſe-officer, probably of ſome eminence in his profeſſion, ſat at a cloth-covered table, and examined our paſſports. We were then directed into another ſmall room, where four or five menial officers examined or rather ſhuffled over our pockets to find any letters or contraband goods which we might have about us: they were probably not diſappointed in finding none.

After having received our verdict of acquittal from this jury of inveſtigation, we were conducted through the lightleſs ſtreets of Calais to our hotel, where a good night's reſt almoſt obliterated even the remembrance of my ſickneſs. Calais is a well-fortified, large, dirty-looking town, very different in appearance from any in England. The houſes, which are built with a grey-coloured ſtone, are, generally ſpeaking, very large and very lofty, the ſtreets are tolerably wide, and the pavement is like that of London, except, by the bye, that here are no flag-ſtones for the accommodation of walkers. But the moſt prominent difference between the appearance of Calais and any, even the ſmalleſt provincial town in England is, that our towns, you know, abound with lively-looking ſhops of various ſorts, ſuch as thoſe for cutlery, hoſiery, grocery, drapery, &c. &c. and contain, moreover, two or three, at leaſt genteel houſes, diſtinguiſhable from the reſt: Calais, on the contrary, has a monotonous and ſpiritleſs appearance, being entirely deſtitute of any ſhowy and eye-catching ſhop, and not having any houſe which, from its exterior, would ſtrike you as belonging to the parſon, the lawyer, the ſurgeon, or the 'ſquire. I wiſh you had been with us this morning, to have ſeen how we ſtared at the natives and the natives at us.

Amiens,

Amiens, 29th.—I was interrupted at Calais by our courier, who entered the room in high ſpirits to inform us, that a voiture, which he thought would ſuit us exactly, had juſt returned from a journey to Paris, and that the price of it was only fifty Louis; we put on our hats and coats, ordered the carriage to be cleaned, and, after having ſhaken the wheels and examined the ſprings, began to bargain, and ſoon purchaſed it at the abated price of forty-five Louis. Our new vehicle was preſently appropriated, for you ſee by my dates that within eight and forty hours afterwards we are arrived at the ſeat of congreſs.

I promiſed you to journalize my letters, and will be as good as my word, but really you muſt not expect much from me: mine is not a tour of pleaſure, but a journey of buſineſs, and expedition is woefully inimical to the indulgence of curioſity, and grudges every moment that is employed in mere obſervation; random remarks, therefore, haſtily put together, will be your portion, with them you muſt be ſatisfied—ſo "eat your pudding, ſlave, and hold your tongue."

Well, but I muſt return to Calais in order to give you ſome idea of the impreſſion which it firſt made on me; a wind from the weſt wafts me in a few hours from natale ſolum to a foreign ſhore!

> The language I have learn'd theſe forty years,
> My native Engliſh now I muſt forego:
> And now my tongue's uſe is to me no more
> Than an unſtring'd viol or a harp.

When I awoke in the firſt morning after landing, I could almoſt fancy that ſome fairy, in a frolic mood, had conveyed me into the far-diſtant region of her abode; the deluſion ſcarcely diſſipated during the day; every thing and every body ſeemed ſo perfectly ſtrange and novel—the cries of the ſtreets, the clatter of ſabots, and the Babel jargon of men, women, and children, on a market day all helped to favour it.

The appearance of the citoyennes is more ſtriking than that of the other ſex, who differ in their dreſs but little from thoſe on the other ſide of the water, except that the ear-ring is a favourite, and almoſt univerſal ornament among Frenchmen, from the higheſt to the loweſt, and that muſtachoes ſeem to be conſidered a faſhionable embroidery to the mouth. As to the females, they walk about the ſtreets, preciſely as in England they do about their houſes, without any hat, or other covering for the head than a cap, generally ornamented with a very deep frill, which altogether looks a good deal like an Engliſh-woman's night-cap, when it is intended to be ſmart. The women who are ſomewhat ſtricken with years, wear, moſt of them, a light-coloured linen cloak, with a large hood, which, when the wind bellies it out, reſem-

bles thoſe old-faſhioned head pieces called calaſhes, which fifteen or twenty years ago were not unfrequently worn by the more ancient dames in England.

As to the younger part of the ſex, you, my friend, who are yet an unmarried man, would certainly have been charmed with the many lovely good-humoured countenances of thoſe who were recommending the plumpneſs of their turkies and the delicacy of their chickens; indeed the young women's faces are many of them ſtrikingly pretty and animated; ſemi-ſhaded by the long nut-brown hair which curls in careleſs ringlets over two dark roguiſh eyes—I ſhould almoſt be afraid to entruſt you here. But it is time that we quit Calais.

In our new voiture, then, after having broken one of the ſide glaſſes with an unlucky elbow as we got into it, we ſet off with four horſes: "ſmack! ſmack! ſmack!" ſays the poſt-boy, flouriſhing over his head the mercileſs and untired whip which he faſtens to his wriſt by a piece of cord: on we go, and although the poor animals look not as if they could have run away with us at the rate of three miles an hour, we found that they could travel very fairly at almoſt double that ſpeed; for we left Calais at a quarter before one, and arrived at Boulogne (a diſtance I believe, of about 22 Engliſh miles) juſt time enough for a ſnug dinner at half after four.

The road winds along the coaſt, and therefore the country cannot be expected, particularly at this ſeaſon of the year, to impreſs a foreigner with any favourable idea of its fertility. The country is perfectly unſheltered, and exhibits a parſimonious tillage; hills and their concomitant vallies gently alternate, and preſent extenſive but monotonous ſcenery: there is every where an eaſy fall for water, but, in ſpite of its obvious diſpoſition to eſcape, the land is ſuperſaturated with it. In ſhort, whether the ſoil be rich or poor, it merits a much better cultivation.

(To be continued.)

Narrative of the Life of Joſeph Wall, Eſq. formerly Governor of Goree.

(Continued from Page 224.)

THE next remarkable tranſaction of his life was that which brought him to his fatal end, though not till after an interval of almoſt twenty years. The moſt authentic account of this cruel affair will be found in the evidence here ſubjoined given on his trial at the Old Bailey, on the 20th of January, 1802.

The

The crime with which he was charged was the murder of Benjamin Armſtrong, a ſerjeant in the African corps, by ordering him to receive 800 laſhes, which were given him by ſeveral black ſlaves, and which were the cauſe of his death.

The firſt witneſs was Evan Lewis, who ſtated, that in July, 1782, he was ſerving in Goree, where the priſoner was then governor, but which ſituation it was underſtood, he was to quit on the 11th of that month. On the 10th, he, the witneſs was orderly ſerjeant, and as ſuch attended upon the governor. Before eleven o'clock in the morning, he obſerved twenty or thirty of the African corps collected together, but could not undertake to ſay whether the deceaſed was among them, and he underſtood they were applying to Enſign Dearing, who was the commiſſary, for a ſettlement for ſhort allowance. About twelve he ſaw them again coming toward the government-houſe, of which he informed the governor, who went out and met them at ſome little diſtance from the railing before the court-yard: Armſtrong was firſt, and the reſt followed in a line. The governor called out to Armſtrong, and bid him go back to the barracks, or they ſhould be puniſhed. This order they immediately obeyed without making any noiſe. On this ſecond time they were not in their uniforms, had no arms with them, nor did the witneſs hear them make uſe of any diſreſpectful language. At the governor's dinner-hour the bell rung, and ſeveral of the officers came, and he obſerved they went away ſooner than uſual. Soon after the governor came out, and paſſed the main-guard, who ſaluted him, and went up to the barracks, the witneſs attending him at ſome diſtance, as it was his duty; from the barracks the governor ran haſtily down, and began beating one of the men, who appeared to be in liquor, and taking the bayonet from the ſentry beat him with that alſo, and then had them both confined. At an earlier hour than was uſual for them to attend the parade, the governor gave him directions for the long roll beat, and to order the men to attend without arms; —this order they obeyed, and were then commanded to form into a circle, in the centre of which were the governor, Captain Lacey, Lieutenant Paul, Enſign O'Shallagan, and another officer. There were in all about 300 men, they formed two deep, the witneſs being outſide the circle, but yet ſo ſituate as plainly to ſee all, and hear much of what paſſed. In a ſhort time the carriage of a ſix-pounder was brought into the circle, and then he heard the governor call Benjamin Armſtrong out of the ranks; Armſtrong obeyed, when he was directly ordered to ſtrip, tied to the gun-carriage, and flogged by five or ſix blacks, with a kind of rope; he never ſaw a man puniſhed with ſuch a thing before, nor even by blacks. The governor ſtood by, urging them, through the medium of their linguiſt, to do their

duty.

duty, and he diſtinctly heard him ſay, " lay on you black b——, or I'll lay on you; cut him to the heart; cut his liver out." During the puniſhment, Armſtrong ſaid ſomething which the witneſs did not rightly hear, but he believed it was begging for mercy; and when it was over he was led to the hoſpital, where he underſtood him to have died a few days after. This witneſs ſaw nothing like a court-martial held; the officers in the centre of the circle, it was true, converſed a minute or two, then turned to the governor, who ordered Armſtrong out in the manner he had before ſtated. He declared that he ſaw no appearance of mutiny; that he heard them talking of going to the commiſſary to require a ſettlement of their ſhort allowance (upon which they had been for ſome time), as he and the governor were to leave the iſland the next morning, and which in fact they did. This witneſs underwent a very long croſs-examination, but in which he did not vary in the material points: he admitted that he heard Armſtrong tell the governor that they wanted to ſettle with the commiſſary; but denied hearing him make uſe of any ſuch expreſſion as, " I'll be d——d if you ſhall ſtir from the iſland until the ſloppages are paid:" it could not have paſſed without his hearing; he knew Mrs. Lacey, wife of Captain Lacey, who ſucceeded the priſoner in the government, was in the iſland, but did not recollect ſeeing of her at that time; yet, if ſhe was then in the government-houſe, ſhe was at a much greater diſtance from them than he was.

Roger Moore was a private in the garriſon of Goree, July 10, 1782. He confirmed the teſtimony of the laſt witneſs as to the fact, and flogging; but did not hear Governor Wall ſay, " cut him, &c." He heard Armſtrong beg for mercy, and ſay, he never would do ſo again. The governor ſaid, he hoped it would be a warning to him. He could hear as well as any one, being in the inſide line, and was ſure ſuch words as the above could not eſcape him; he counted 800 laſhes; he was waſhing his linen in the early part of the day, and when he returned to the barracks, he heard Serjeant Armſtrong ſay, he had got the arrears; the men were overjoyed at this, and many of them were intoxicated; he underſtood that liquor had been given to them inſtead of money by Enſign Dearing.

Thomas Poplet, then lieutenant of the African corps, and a priſoner at large under ſentence of a court-martial, ſaw the tranſaction from his court-yard; there was no court-martial, no mutiny that he knew of; the rope was not the proper inſtrument of military puniſhment, dog line is only uſed on ſevere occaſions, the common thing is whip cord. Here a piece of rope was produced, to which the witneſs could not ſwear, though it was exactly ſimilar. He had got five pieces from the blacks, and had kept them a long time. Captain Lacey was alive at Chicheſter in 1784; he is now dead. Shanley died on

his paſſage from Africa in the ſame tranſport with the witneſs. He never ſaw Wall ſince 1783. He ſaw Dearing about three years ago, but not later, and does not know whether he is dead or alive. He ſwore to Governor Wall's ſignature in three letters produced by the attorney-general.

Peter Ferrick, who was garriſon ſurgeon at that time at Goree, ſtated, that the firſt time of his ſeeing Governor Wall, on the 10th of July, was at the evening parade, to which he was ſent for to witneſs a man's receiving puniſhment. When he came to the parade he found the men formed into a circle, and Governor Wall, Captain Lacy, Lieutenant Paul, and Enſigns O'Shallagan and Ford, in the centre. The puniſhment of flogging was at this time inflicting upon Armſtrong, and the goververnor ſaid, he was a d——d mutinous ſcoundrel. The ſentence was executed by negroes with ropes; he attended to the man, but made no repreſentation of the puniſhment being too ſevere for him to undergo without danger; indeed he did not appear to be more affected than men uſually were. This was on the 10th, and on the 15th he died. From that time to the preſent he had always ſuppoſed that puniſhment to be the cauſe of his death. He did not ſee any thing on that day which had the appearance of a mutiny. This witneſs underwent a long examination by the counſel on both ſides, in the courſe of which he ſaid, that he was certainly ſent for to attend the puniſhment in his profeſſional capacity, and that he had not made any repreſentations to the governor againſt the whole being inflicted; partly from the appearance of his back being black, as it were, with bruiſes from the thickneſs of the cord; and his preſent opinion, drawn from experience, was, that there was a greater chance of a man's dying by being ſo puniſhed, than if with a common cat-o-nine-tails, becauſe it did not cut but bruiſed, from which more fatal conſequences might ariſe, but which he did not then know, nor did he at the time think it to be dangerous; but he had not doubted, from his attendance on the deceaſed, that the flogging he had received was the cauſe of his death. He did not recollect that he had forbidden him the uſe of ſtrong liquors, though it was probable he had not, becauſe of the general order that none ſhould be admitted into the hoſpital. On being preſſed as to his permitting it to go on ſo far, he replied, he durſt not interfere; but his explanation was objected to by the priſoner's counſel.

The court aſked, what was the deceaſed's ſtate of health at the time? To which the ſurgeon replied, that he was ſo healthy as not to have been under his hands before.

William Roſſer, aſſiſtant to the ſurgeon in the hoſpital at Goree, was there when the deceaſed was brought to it. His back was exceedingly bruiſed and ſwelled, and as black as a new hat. He grew worſe and worſe until he died, and from the firſt moment

ment expreſſed no hope of recovery. Witneſs on his croſs-examination ſaid, that the deceaſed had, in the interval, the garriſon allowance of drink, viz. half a pint of brandy, or pint of wine a day, but could not ſay whether he made uſe of it.

John Butler, ſerjeant-major in the garriſon, ſaid, he was preſent on the 10th of July, and that there was no appearance of mutiny, or of any riot or diſturbance whatever.

Richard Baſſon, ſerjeant of artillery at the time, ſaid there was ſome repreſentation made to the governor on the ſubject of ſhort allowance, and that a man afterward came to him as if ſent by the priſoner, and deſired him to make out an account of what was due to each man. Witneſs did ſo, and gave the account to the priſoner, who took it, but ſaid nothing.

John Clarke, a private in the African corps, remembers the deceaſed going up on the morning of the 10th, at the head of a party, to make a repreſentation upon the ſhort allowance. The governor deſired them to go back, and they did ſo without any objection. Witneſs was not preſent when the ſecond party were with the governor. On his croſs-examination, he ſaid Upton headed the ſecond party, but he could not ſay that the deceaſed was with him. He did not ſee them on their return. The deceaſed gave the word for the firſt party to march back, and told them that the governor would ſee them all righted.

David Powell ſaid, there was no mutiny on the 10th of July. He was with the party that went up the firſt time, and returned directly.

The following written evidence was then produced:—Two letters from the priſoner, one of them dated on the 26th of Auguſt, 1782, and the other of a ſubſequent date, to the Right Hon. T. Townſhend, the then ſecretary of ſtate, containing various particulars of the garriſon, but making no mention of any mutiny. The proclamation of the 8th of March, 1784, ſtating the eſcape of the priſoner from cuſtody at Reading, and offering a reward of 200l. for his apprehenſion. A letter from the priſoner to the ſecretary of ſtate, dated October 15, 1784, ſtating his intention to ſurrender and take his trial as ſoon as he could collect his witneſſes, which he hoped to be able to do in a few months.—And two letters, dated October, 1801, from the priſoner to Lord Pelham, announcing his return to meet the charges againſt him, and expreſſing a hope that it would not be neceſſary to go into confinement until the time of trial.

Mr. Maguſty, the deputy judge advocate-general here in England, ſaid, that the proceedings of all general court-martials are returned to his office; that he ſearched, but could find no account of any court-martial held upon the deceaſed.—Drumhead or field court-martials are never returned to his office.

Here the caſe was cloſed on the part of the proſecution.

[*To be continued.*]

Curious

Curious Anecdotes of Medical Practice at Paris, in the Middle of the Seventeenth Century.

THE ridicule of Le Sage againſt exceſſive blood-letting, in his account of the medical practice of Dr. Sangrado, may ſeem to thoſe who witneſs the preſent practice in London, to riſe to an extravagance that entirely loſes ſight of the reality. But, he who reads the letters of Guy Patin, will be of a different mind. Patin was zealous to an inconceivable degree for purging and letting of blood, in almoſt every caſe of diſeaſe; and ſo were all his contemporaries of the College of Phyſicians at Paris, who were accounted to be regular, not quackiſh innovating practitioners.

Speaking of Hoffman, a German phyſician, whom in many reſpects he highly admired; Patin adds, in a tone of commiſeration—"The honeſt man, however, knows not much the uſe of bleeding"—"Le bon homme ne connoit pas grande choſe à la ſaignée." He complains elſewhere, that the greateſt abuſes of medicine in the innovating practice of ſome of his contemporaries, aroſe from the neglect of blood-letting, and the uſe of certain pharmaceutical noſtrums which were recommended in the works of the Arabian phyſicians. In intermittent fevers, Patin, as himſelf relates, taught, that there was nothing ſo uſeful as very copious bleeding. The Firſt Preſident of the Parliament of Paris, Lamoignon, then an old man, and a great patron of literature, had been ill: his phyſician, M. Guenaut, after treating him with many bleedings, put him, at length, on a courſe of purging—the good man daily became worſe—they returned to bleeding—and Patin complains bitterly of Guenaut for not emptying the preſident's veins more entirely at firſt. A. M. Courteis, one of Patin's friends, had been ill: Patin boaſts of having cured him "moyennant dix-huit ſaignées, et vingt purgations." He was heartily ſincere in favour of blood-letting: for after paſſing a ſleepleſs night under the pain of the tooth-ach, the firſt thing he did in the morning was to have himſelf bled for it in both arms. He tells elſewhere of a bookſeller of the name of Rocolet: "I was 30 years his phyſician; I made him loſe in that time a great deal of blood, and yet to my ſurpriſe, he is now dead." Mrs. Patin, in her old age, was taken ill of a fever; twelve bleedings, however, preſcribed by her huſband, reſtored her to health; upon which, honeſt Dr. Guy exclaims, with Joachim de Bellay, "O bonne, O ſainte, O divine ſaignée!" He relates, that he had ordered bleeding, with good ſucceſs, for children who were not more than three days old. The miniſters were carefully bled for the good of the ſtate. "M. Colbert was bled yeſterday," writes Patin to his correſpondent, on the 6th of March, 1663: "M. Le Tellier is ill of a fever, for which he has been already bled four times." The famous Vanderlinden

died at Leyden at the age of 53, of a defluxion on his lungs, for which he would not allow himſelf to be bled, but took ſome doſes of antimony. "What a pity!" exclaims Patin, "to compoſe ſo many books, to have ſo much Greek and Latin ready at his fingers' ends, and after all to die of a fever and catarrh—"ſans ſe faire ſaigner." I am much better off with my ignorance, and now and then a bleeding. But for bleeding I ſhould have died like him, three years ſince. I would rather caſt my blood upon the dunghill, than commit my body to the grave. Such are the deaths of fools and chemiſts!"

After the due courſe of blood-letting, if the patient ſtill ſurvived, he was put, according to the rules of the college, upon a courſe of as violent purgation with ſenna: and, if the ſtrength of his conſtiiution was ſuch as to triumph alſo over this mode of attack, he was then ſuffered to eſcape into the country, and to recruit upon aſs's milk. There were few diſeaſes in which, on one pretence or another, this method of practice was not more or leſs followed. Where it failed of ſucceſs, its authors loudly boaſted, that they acted upon the authority of Galen; and affirmed, that the failures were only becauſe all human means were, in thoſe unfortunate caſes, vain to ſave.

On the other hand, there were not wanting innovators, who derided Patin and the other phyſicians of the old ſchool, as merely "medecins de Grec et de Latin;" and who boldly promiſed to work wonders in the art of healing, by means of new certain ſpecifics.

Bezoar was one of theſe ſpecifics, which Patin boldly ſtigmatized, as a vain "idolum fatuorum."

Another of theſe new ſpecifics was tea, which began, about the year 1648, to be much celebrated at Paris. Chancellor Seguier brought it firſt into reputation. Theſes were written in its praiſe. And it was, in particular, ſaid to produce effects pleaſingly exhilarating and invigorating on the powers of the mind. But Patin, and all the phyſicians of the old ſchool, indignantly ſcorned the pretence. A Dr. Moriſſet, of the college, was the author of a theſis in favour of this impertinent novelty of the age, as Patin calls it, againſt which almoſt the whole college roſe in arms. Some doctors committed the copies which were ſent them of it to the flames, others put it aſide as "charta ad ſpurcos uſus reſervanda."

Antimony was a new remedy much more prevalent, though not leſs odious to Patin and his friends of the ſchool of Galen. Guenaut, one of the court-phyſicians, often preſcribed it; and whenever a patient who had taken of it happened to die, Patin, and the other adverſaries of this remedy, if the incident came to their ears, failed not to cry out, that the antimony had killed them. It was often given in the form of emetic wine; and no

opportunity

opportunity was miſſed by the phyſicians who diſliked it, of ſtigmatizing this wine as abſolutely a poiſon.

Quinquina, or Jeſuit's bark, had begun to be adminiſtered as a remedy in tertian and quartan fevers. The famous Fouquet, in the beginning of his impriſonment, had occaſion to take quinquina, but was, Patin ſays, little the better for it. It was denied by the followers of Galen to be capable of doing any good, except after a good courſe of bleeding and purging. Patin thought that it tended to bring on the dropſy.

Mercury was likewiſe a favourite preſcription with ſome. It had been ordered by a phyſician of Patin's acquaintance, for a complaint in the lungs. "Tous les fous ne ſont pas dans les petites-maiſons"—was Patin's remark upon that occaſion.

Powder of pearl was often preſcribed, to the great indignation of Patin, by ſome of his brethren, whom he accuſes as leſs the friends of their patients than of the apothecaries.

Opium was another of the new medicines greatly abhorred by the phyſicians of the good old ſchool, and branded as a frequent cauſe of deaths.

The Queen Mother, Anne of Auſtria, was afflicted, in her laſt illneſs, with a cancer in her left breaſt. Many quacks offered their aſſiſtance for her cure, but all was in vain. Patin, on that occaſion mentions hemlock, as a remedy in uſe for cancers.

There were conſtant wars between the phyſicians and the apothecaries. They often ſued one another in the courts of law, on account of their profeſſional quarrels. Patin, hearing that an apothecary of the name of Moze had ſpoken reſpectfully of his character, expreſſed great ſurpriſe to hear ſo much as that he had a friend in that craft; "For," ſaid he, "I have done nothing to deſerve their good will. I never preſcribed bezoar nor cordial waters, mithridate nor theriaca, nor confection of hyacinth, nor alkermes, nor viper-powder, nor emetic-wine, nor pearls, nor precious ſtones, and ſuch like Arabian fooleries. The medicines I preſcribe are neither rare nor dear."

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

BY inſerting in your Weekly Entertainer the following extracts, taken from the fifth volume of the Political Regiſter, entitled, "An Addreſs to a Juryman," you will oblige,

AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

Taunton, March 19, 1802.

ADDRESS *to a* JURYMAN.

SIR,

IT is an Engliſhman's peculiar happineſs, that as he is born to inherit his lands, ſo he is to inherit the laws which are his

birthright; and if he would keep the one, he muſt be careful to preſerve the other. The laws are the palladium of property; they are the ſureſt ſafeguard of our lives, and the ſtrongeſt fence to our lands. All law is, or ought to be, right reaſon; but there ever was, and always will be, a ſtruggle between men's reaſon and their paſſions, between law and arbitrary power. The laws of this nation, as by a compact with the crown in the Magna Charta of this kingdom appears, do indeed defend and ſecure the lives, liberties, and properties of the ſubject, as far as human prudence could deviſe. But the grand or principal law of this land, on which the juſtice of all the reſt depend, is that for trying all diſputes and differences between ſubject and ſubject, and all crimes againſt the crown *per pares*, or by a jury of twelve honeſt men, of the ſame rank and degree with the perſons diſputing or accuſed; who are to be elected without prejudice of party, and are bound by oath to try ſuch diſpute, difference, or crime, according to the beſt of their underſtandings, and to bring in according to their conſciences an impartial verdict. The firſt part of a jury's conſideration is, whether the matter laid to the charge of the priſoner be a crime or not; the ſecond, whether or no he committed it. If the matter laid to the charge of the priſoner be not in itſelf a crime, how can any jury, without breaking their oaths, bring him in guilty of the fact? Is it not the greateſt abſurdity to ſay, that a man is guilty of an innocent action? Can innocence be guilt? Whenever a jury bring in the priſoner guilty of the fact, yet not being convinced in their conſciences of the crime of it, leave that to the court, it is commonly called a ſpecial verdict; but the proper appellation is indeed, ſpecial perjury, becauſe they do not, according to their oaths, *well and truly try, and true deliverance make:* For when a jury are not convinced in their conſciences, that both the matter laid againſt the priſoner be ſuch a crime as is mentioned in the indictment, and that he alſo committed it, they are bound by their oaths to bring him in not guilty.

When juries act according to their conſciences, and bravely reſiſt the illegal attempts of arbitrary power, they not only ſecure the lives and properties of their fellow ſubjects, but tranſmit their names and virtues to poſterity, in the ſhining records of eternal fame.

The conſcience of a jury is the ſupreme law, the law of right reaſon; over which no rhetoric from the bar, no direction from the bench, ſhould ever have the leaſt ſway or influence. The hearts of honeſt men are the temples of truth, which no intereſt can corrupt, no power or perſuaſion change. They will ſtand like a rock, firm and immoveable, againſt all the waves of corruption, or winds of arbitrary power.

BRITANNICUS.

Elegant

Elegant Eulogium on the late Duke of Bedford,

As delivered by the Hon. C. J. Fox in the Houſe of Commons, on the 16th of March, 1802, when he moved for a Writ for Taviſtock, in the Room of Lord John Ruſſel, who ſucceeded his Brother in the Dukedom.

THE motion which I am about to make is in itſelf of no intrinſic moment, and were it not for its concomitant circumſtances, otherwiſe too unimportant to call for particular attention, it might paſs under the cuſtomary forms, and mix with unconcerned regard in the common uſage of the Houſe. It is, however, of a different deſcription, ariſing from a moſt unlooked-for event; and, Sir, if that event had been a calamity in which a private perſon, however lamented, in which private conſiderations, however extended, ſhould have become the ſubject, I would not, God knows, have treſpaſſed one inſtant upon the attention and the time of the Houſe; but it is a national loſs, a univerſal misfortune; ſo in regarding public opinion, ſo in that reflecting on all I hear and ſee, the world feels it, and the world deplores it.

The noble perſon to whom I allude, and now no more, who is as generally and ſincerely lamented as any ſubject that ever departed before him, had ſomething ſo ſtrikingly eminent, ſo peculiarly benevolent, and ſo marked in his character, and diſplayed theſe qualities to ſuch virtuous, beneficent, and liberal purpoſes, that, as they moulded him a ſplendid example for others who hold a dignified ſituation in the country, ſo they claim the homage of the heart in acknowledgement of his worth, and the tribute of tears for the loſs of it. The loſs happened at that peculiar period of life when all his powers were active to do good, and when his active talents and inclination led him to do all the good he could, as if he had not, in the whole of his former life, performed enough to convince the public of the fact. If a man like him had fallen in earlier life, it might be ſaid by thoſe who were verſed in the viciſſitudes of human events, "that oftentimes the dawn of youth promiſed fairly, but, alas! the conduct of their riper years diſappointed their expectations;" and however private friendſhip, in the period of his youth, might weep over his bier, the public could not be intereſted in the ſorrow; and if he had died in an advanced period of age, whatever might have been his virtues, ſtill having run his courſe, and all his duties performed, the public, conſoled with that, would feel leſs intereſt in his fate. and conſequently looking forward to as virtuous a ſucceſſor of youthful years, would leſs deplore it. But he died in that peculiar moment, when all his acts manifeſted how deeply he had the welfare of his country at heart, and how much he ſtudied the good of all mankind.

mankind. Born to that exalted ſituation, and raiſed by ſplendid poſſeſſions to that elevated rank, which too often lay open inconſiderate youth to temptation, and make even their virtues liable to perverſion, and the beſt minds to corruption; but this truly noble man afforded a happy contraſt to that; his high rank, his elevated ſituation, his ſplendid poſſeſſions, were ever united to apportion each to the very beſt purpoſes, and make the iſſues of his princely fortunes ſo many mediums of benevolent deeds. Of him, and to him, might well be applied the ſentiments of the Roman ſatyriſt—

"Rarus enim ſenſus communis in illa fortuna."

Senſibility is but too rarely to be found in many ſituations of ſuch exalted circumſtances; but he, in the midſt of all that was to be envied, all that was magnificent and great, had all the virtues of ſelf-denial, all the virtues of ſelf-command; he humbled himſelf to exalt others; the good of others was his fondeſt object, and to make his fellow citizens happy was his peculiar happineſs and hope: collectively and individually it was his care, and never-ceaſing inſtances atteſted it; it was the unwearied principle of his life.—He died, it was true, in a ſtate of celibacy; but if his beneficence to thoſe who had children, if his unbounded charity towards the afflicted, the fatherleſs, and the orphan, were to be taken into conſideration, no man had, or left a more numerous family. His bounty, his care, his humanity, and his friendſhip, were not limited to the circle of relatives, how much ſoever they ſhared in all; they did not ſtop there—they extended though a vaſter circle of private friends, and even beyond that—they reached to all who, either from their merits or their misfortunes, came within the precincts of his knowledge. Nor were his friendſhips tranſient, reſulting from inconſiderateneſs, or ariſing from caprice; if he loved you at the beginning of the year, if ſubſtantial cauſe did not oblige him to change it in the middle of it, his affection increaſed at its end.

It is an acknowledged fact, and every day's trial puts it to the teſt, that as men wax in years they wane in affections; and as they gain in maturity, they loſe in that flow and warmth of ſoul which marked their youthful career. This was not the caſe with him, for no man ever ſtudied a mechanic art, no man ever ſtudied trade or eloquence with more aſſiduity than he did the art of doing good; and he accompliſhed his object, for he even improved in it every day, inſomuch that, I believe, ſo extenſive was his munificence, I can ſcarcely think, had he lived, notwithſtanding his increaſing coffers, princely as they almoſt were, they would but barely keep pace with it.

If he had any failing, it was ſuch only as would ſo appear in ſuperficial eyes. It was, that even in all his private amuſe-

ments, he ſtill intermixed ſomething of public utility: His object was not ſo much to live, as to live for the good of others, in a variety of inſtances, public and private, that have been manifeſted, and want no proof from me. He wiſely and well, when he could no otherwiſe ſerve his country, turned his thoughts to its agriculture: how he has contributed to improve it, beſt ſhews in what way he could moſt effectually be his country's beſt friend.

With reſpect to his political opinions, it is true that many of thoſe who now hear me, believe them entitling him to the higheſt eulogiums; to others, who may entertain a different opinion, an apology for mentioning them may be due; as an apology, therefore, they may be mentioned here, as I ſhall do for him. There are ſome of us who, in reſpect to our anceſtors, and of their virtues, are proud in the extreme. His were great and honourable; he felt it, and I am ſure the people do the ſame. If we read that at Rome the Claudii were ambitious of their progenitors, ſo ſhould the Ruſſells be of theirs, for the very ſame cauſe, their firm attachment to popular principles—few men had more love for the purity of his family's charctaer than he; and how well they were entitled to it was written in the page of hiſtory, to which when he adverted, and there beheld the fate of Hampden, of Pym, and of Ruſſell, was he not to be commended for entertaining, as he did, a jealous opinion of the ſyſtem of governments? In ſaying this, I think, however, I may add, that, in whatever way his public principles may be regarded, there can be but one opinion as to the greatneſs, goodneſs, and excellence of the man—[*A cry of hear! hear! from all parts of the Houſe, in token of aſſent*]—His conduct then, I ſay, Sir, in politics as in private life, was conſiſtent, manly, and patriotic.

I now come to cloſe what I have to ſay, and to ſtate to thoſe who admire perfection, that the exit of this great and good man correſponded with his life, as throughout the whole of it, he had ſhewn that he never made ſelf a paramount object. As I ſtated that in his utmoſt proſperity the misfortunes of others reached his heart, ſo in the laſt trial he made the welfare of others more than his own his immediate care, and the ſame conſtancy which he manifeſted in the prime of life and health, he diſplayed on a bed of torture with impending death, where, inſtead of that excuſable concern which others might take in the care of themſelves, even in that awful and afflicting moment, ſelf was put out of the queſtion, and he died as he lived a miracle of goodneſs. He regarded with a fond eye the happineſs of thoſe he left behind, and in a minute detail provided for them accordingly.—In ſpeaking of ſuch a man, I may appear

pear as ſtrewing flowers ‡ on his tomb; I have, however, Sir, more than that in view, and what is much more congenial to his own nature. His end and object was utility; my end and object is the ſame; and, therefore, by impreſſing the minds of others with an exalted and profound value for his virtues and his deeds, make his death a proud example to great men, and uſeful to the world at large. In that view I trouble the Houſe; and if he could look down on the world below, he would ſmile with ſatiſfaction that his memory could be converted into ſuch benefits as his life. I hope the Houſe will have the kindneſs and good-nature to forgive me for having ſaid ſo much—[*A cry of hear! hear! from every part of the Houſe.*]—rather leſs for the ſake of my own feelings, than in conſideration of the public motives which induced me to addreſs you. I ſhall conclude with a quotation from an eminent orator, who was young when he ſaid, that "crime was a curſe even in the time it was ſucceſsful, while virtue was a bleſſing not only during the life of its poſſeſſor, but in the happy influence of the example it left to poſterity."

‡ This expreſſion will remind the reader of the beautiful paſſage in Thomſon, reſpecting a much-admired but unfortunate anceſtor of the late Duke of Bedford, of which the following lines are a part:

"Bring every ſweeteſt flower, and let me ſtrew
"The grave where Ruſſell lies."

On the INCREASE *of our* FISHERIES.

IT is recommended to government by Dr. Gray, in his diſcuſſion of the merits of the income tax, &c. to extend what he calls (begging pardon for a new word) our *aquæculture*, or to form new fiſhing eſtabliſhments. Taking it for granted that 100,000 ſailors and marines will be diſcharged at the peace, and that it is of infinite importance to have an immenſe nurſery for the navy, he is of opinion that humanity and policy demand an extenſive improvement of our fiſheries. He adviſes not only to ſkirt our own coaſts with new towns, but to colonize the ſea frontier of Ireland, by ſending thither our diſcharged ſailors and ſoldiers, who may be formed, under the direction and at the charge of government, into comfortable and advantageous fiſhing ſettlements. To theſe ſettlements he recommends the government to ſend foreign proteſtants who have emigrated here from the confuſions and diſtractions of the continent. No doubt it would be wiſe to colonize Ireland: her ſhores are well adapted to projects of this kind, and it would greatly add to our ſtrength, riches, and natural means of defence.

ACCOUNT *of* THALES.

THALES was born at Miletus, in Ionia, about 640 years before Chriſt. That philoſopher, being the firſt of the ſeven wiſe men of Greece, was the founder of the Ionian ſect. He was chiefly admired for his knowledge of aſtronomy. He foretold an eclipſe of the ſun, and the event verified his prediction. He aſſigned the true cauſes of eclipſes, and ſhowed that the earth was ſpherical. That juſtly celebrated man died at the age of ninety, 550 years before the Chriſtian æra. He adviſed his diſciples to live in harmonious union. This advice ſhould be taken by all deſcriptions of perſons.

Faſhionable Ideas of the Reſpect which ought to be ſhewn to pious Perſons of ſmall Fortunes.

"WE ought to love people who are good, and wiſe, and pious," ſaid an old lady to her little grandſon; "for you know, my dear, that God loves them, and that they will go to Heaven."

"And is Lady ——, and Lady——, good, and wiſe, and pious, grandmamma? And does God love them, and will they go to Heaven?"

"I do not know about their goodneſs, my dear, but they are very genteel people, and keep the beſt company, and we need not trouble ourſelves about their goodneſs."

"But I am ſure Mrs. —— is very good, and very wiſe, and very pious too, for I heard both Dr. —— and you ſay ſo t'other day; but you never aſk her to fine dinners as you do Lady ——, and Lady ——; though now I remember ſhe was aſked next day *to eat up the fragments*, as my Aunt Julia ſaid. And do you remember, grandmamma, how vexed you and Aunt Julia were, when Sir John —— was let into ſuch company? And Aunt Julia, you know, went over beſide Sir John, and never took any notice of Mrs. —— after he came in, nor ſpoke a word to her the whole evening, but ſeemed quite aſhamed of her being there? Now if ſhe had told Sir John that ſhe was ſo wiſe and ſo good, and that God loved her, would he not have loved her too?"

"You know, my dear," returns the fond grandmother, "that Sir John is a man of faſhion, and people of his rank expect to meet only with people of ſtile, you know, like themſelves. And Mrs. —— has no great fortune, and keeps no carriage, and does not dreſs faſhionably, ſo that one does not like to introduce her into company. But be you good and wiſe, my dear, and every body will love *you*."

Anſwer, by J. Whittle, Upway, to J. Tremlett's Rebus, inſerted February 1.

BREDA's the town, thou youth of fame,
That your initials plainly name.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from William Mann, of Aſhburton; J. Lewis, of Poole; and T. Whicker, W. Strong, J. Squance, and Henry Humphreys, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by J. Willcocks, Jun. of Plymouth-Dock, to A. L.'s Anagram, inſerted February 1.

THE ſailor's fear it ſeems to be,
A ROCK, which you have hid from me.

*** We have received the like anſwer from J. Whittle, of Upway; Juventus; G. Geach, of Wadebridge; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; E. Penney, R. Sowdon, H. Humphreys, J. Smith, J. Squance, W. Strong, and Thomas Whicker, of Exeter; W. England, and H. H. Tullidge, of Dorcheſter; C. Mackey, of Plymouth; Recluſe, of Awliſcombe; and Caroline, of Topſham.

Anſwer, by C. B. W. near Tannton, to P. Ninnis's Charade, inſerted February 8.

EDMUND's a King in Britiſh hiſtory fam'd,
Who for his proweſs IRONSIDE was nam'd.

‡‡‡ We have received the like anſwer from J. Willcocks, jun. and William Cooper, of Plymouth Dock; G. H. near Bridport; W. Mann, of Aſhburton; E. Penney, E. Moon, H. Humphreys, and T. Whicker, of Exeter; C. Mackey, of Plymouth; J. Lewis, of Poole; H. H. Tullidge, and Juvenis, of Dorcheſter; and Recluſa, of Awliſcombe.

A CHARADE, *by T. Adey, of Poole.*

A Meaſure firſt you muſt unfold;
A well-known weight muſt next be told;
Conneſt theſe parts, they do expound,
That on the turnpike I am found.

A CHARADE, *by T. Whicker, of Exeter.*

HAIL, lucid firſt, that lights me on my way,
Gilding dark-mantled night's umbrageous ſcene;
Altho' my ſecond plays not in thy ray,
Yet art thou noble, and of eve the queen.
Of "crazy Jane," I think on thy unhappy fate,
While I to youthful bards my whole relate.

A CHARADE, *by J. Whittle, of Upway.*

MY firſt the ſailors wiſh, but often wiſh in vain,
When winds and waves plough up the boiſterous main;
This ſhares my firſt, nor they with pleaſure leſs,
Would greet my ſecond, and their fortunes bleſs:
My whole's an iſle, it cavern'd treaſures brings
To grace the ſtately palaces of kings.

POETRY.

For the Weekly Entertainer.

To Miss T——.

YOU aſk, fair maid! which moſt I prize,
A figure fine, or piercing eyes;
And fain you would, that I ſhould tell
If female beauty beſt doth dwell
In fine proportion'd form, or in
The roſeate tincture of the ſkin:
To neither then I think confin'd
Are woman's charms—but 'tis the mind
Which gives to forms Medician grace
Which re-illumes the brighteſt face;
And beaming thro', the one or t'other,
Is ſure each ſwain to make a lover.
But would you, Anna, beauty view,
Conſult your glaſs—ſhe reigns in you.

Briſtol, January 23, 1802.

A Valentine Epiſtle, addreſſed to a Lady.

"'TIS nature's ſweet reſtorer," ſpring,
Now bids the world rejoice:
The feather'd tribes now ſpread their wing,
And raiſe their tuneful voice.

No venal praiſe to Heaven's high dome,
Their joyous armies bear,
Agile they quit each little home,
And cleave the balmy air.

Let riot's ſons, whoſe guilty hours
Joys falſely call'd pervade,
Who ſeek where mirth inſipid roars,
The rout and maſquerade.

Let them their joys, their pleaſures boaſt,
While pale-ey'd ſickneſs comes,
Their days of health thus idly loſt,
And calls to early tombs.

Nor ſo the calm and tranquil mind
That innocence enjoys,
It drinks, ſerene, and unconfin'd,
The bliſs which never cloys.

When Phœbus ſtarting from the eaſt
Rolls his reſplendent wheels,
Or when the god, his circuit paſt,
Sweeps down the weſtern hills.

When the grey evening cloaths the plain,
And twilight mingles ſhades,
Or night's bright lamp leads forth her train,
And its pale glory ſpreads.

Alike, in every varying ſcene,
The mind where reaſon ſways,
Expatiates, chearful and ſerene,
And on hope's anchor ſtays.

Such, Mary, is thy gentle ſoul,
Be health and joy thy lot;
And as thy ſilver moments roll,
May ſorrow touch thee not.

With virtue's bloſſoms bright and rare,
With powers to pleaſe endu'd,
Let not thoſe powers, O lovely fair!
Expire in ſolitude.

The hermit's cold and lonely cell
Miſtaken zeal has prais'd,
But virtue's nobleſt children dwell
Where vice's throne is rais'd.

So let the world thy virtues ſhare,
Nor ſeek to live unknown,
A partner chooſe, to ſoften care,
Nor taſte e'en joy alone.

Some favour'd youth, O Mary! bleſs
With thoſe enchanting ſmiles—
When beauty pities our diſtreſs
We glory in her toils.

The ſeaſon this when nature's face
Looks gay in every part,
So, Mary, come, with love and grace,
And cheer the drooping heart.

Bright ſtar of lovely virtue, hail!
Long may thy luſtre ſhine;
Long o'er each gloomy cloud prevail
With rays almoſt divine.

For ever cheriſh'd ſhall thy name
On mem'ry's altar ſhine,
And but with life expire the flame
That bids me wiſh thee mine.

Sidmouth. E. B.

The DISCONSOLATE MAN.

AGAIN to pale diſeaſe a prey,
I liſtleſs mark the paſſing day;
The wiſh'ſt for night brings no relief,
The morn renew'd, renews my grief.

I hate

I hate the ſun's meridian blaze,
Alike the moon's more temperate gaze,
To ſolitude and darkneſs fly,
In ſecret vent the heavy ſigh;
But ſolitude no comfort brings,
And darkneſs aids reflection's ſtings.

In vain to fancy's bower I turn,
My paſſied lays the muſes ſpurn:
I fly to faſhion's gay reſort
Where all the young-ey'd pleaſures ſport;
Where beauty beams her witching wiles,
And rapture clothes each face in ſmiles;
Where mirth and joy tranſported bound,
And love with bluſhing roſes crown'd,
Triumphant waves his flaming torch on high,
Points the keen glance, or wafts the amorous ſigh.

But ah! the gilded ſcene is vain,
A ſplendid mockery of pain,
To me whoſe form in ſickneſs bends,
Whoſe hollow eye, no luſtre ſends,
Whoſe weak forc'd ſmiles, my wiſh deride,
And ſhow the pains I ſeek to hide.
Whoſe heart feels no reſponſive joy,
But loaths the idle vain employ,
And ſeeking eaſe in kindred gloom
I quit ſuch ſcenes, and haſten home.
A gloom indeed! what eaſe awaits me there,
By hope forſaken—welcom'd by deſpair?

For I've no relative or friend,
Diſeaſe's dreary couch to tend;
No favourite hand, with tender care,
Aſſiduous will the cup prepare;
No watchful eye the tear beſtow,
That ſweetly ſoothes the ſufferer's woe;
No boſom by affection led,
Supports my ſickneſs drooping head;
No well-known voice, with cherub tones,
Diverts the anguiſh of my groans;
And no fond lips my pangs remove,
With pureſt kiſs of faithful love;
Of all aſſiſtance ſo bereft,
No life-endearing pleaſure left;
Forgot, abandon'd, and alone,
I die unpitied and unknown;
And none to me will raiſe the ſhrine,
Or pen for me the ſorrowing line,
To point to paſſengers my grave,
And ſnatch me from oblivion's wave;
None, too, at evening fall will come,
To weep beſide my early tomb—
For who can ſay, while pity heaves the breaſt,
Here does a friend, a lov'd relation reſt?

SOLITARIUS.

Imitation of a Perſick Love Elegy.

BEAR me to the deſert ſhore!
Love! thy captive is no more:
Bound, alas! in vain by thee,
I am wretched—but am free.

Yet tho' bleeding I abjure
Other loves that prompt the cure;
To the ſocial banquet known,
Still I feel myſelf alone.

But in deſerts bleak and rude,
Mine is *not* a ſolitude;
Tho' to diſtant worlds I roam,
Still my heart renews its home.

"Hence, my vital ſpirit fled,
"Spare thy tortur'd heart," I ſaid—
"Peace, it (anſwer'd) ſuffering heart!
"You and I are ſoon to part."

SONGS, *by* PETER PINDAR.

'TIS the voice of delight that I hear,
Of the nymph from our valley that ſtray'd;
I gave up all thought of the fair,
And ſorrow'd in ſilence and ſhade.
No longer for bliſs will I rove,
No boon from the gods I implore;
They gave me the girl of my love,
Oh! what can they offer me more?

The CONFESSION.

GO Colin, and boaſt of thy art,
Of the flatt'ry that dwelt on thy tongue;
Go triumph, and ſay, a fond heart
Was fatally lull'd by thy ſong.
Let me own I was won by thy guile,
For, ſhepherd, my love was ſincere,
Tho' thou leav'ſt thy nymph with a ſmile,
She parts with her ſwain with a tear.

The ſeaſon of madneſs is paſt,
My heart to its maſter returns;
Thy cruelty frees it at laſt,
No longer a priſ'ner it mourns.
Too long I complain'd of my woes,
And patiently ſuffer'd thy chain;
To thy beauty I loſt my repoſe,
In thy folly I find it again.